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THE

Commonweal

Beyond the Neon Signs

The Other America

by Michael Harrington

Vatican-Soviet Relations

by Gunnar D. Kumlien

An Indian Sketchbook

by Julian Marias

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Our Approach, II

The editors of The Commonweal do not accept the philosophical principles of that continental "Liberalism" which was condemned by the Church, but the magazine's approach to day-to-day issues is normally described as "liberal." The term itself, of course, is ambiguous and clouded with historical uncertainty, meaning one thing to one man and something quite different to another, and normally we hesitate to use it ourselves. We do, however, understand why people refer to us this way and we accept the designation—although our "liberal" views on many questions strike us as more truly conservative than those advanced by most of the right-wing Catholic publications.

Be this as it may, the editors of this magazine clearly tend to be "liberal," not in the nineteenth-century European sense but in the modern American sense of the word. We are deeply committed to the idea of political democracy, and we have little patience with Catholic writers who discuss political questions as if nothing had happened between the French Revolution and the present. We value the American Constitution and oppose any interference with due process of law. We cherish our own civil liberties, and we defend those of others. We abhor anti-Semitism or racial discrimination in any form.

We are deeply concerned with genuine measures to fight Communism—moral, economic, military and psychological—and completely uninterested in "anti-Communist" crusades that make bold headlines but signify nothing. We support domestic measures we think will help in achieving that social justice described in the papal encyclicals, and we favor efforts to promote international social justice by aiding the underdeveloped nations. We think Catholics have not given enough thought to what it means to live in a pluralistic society and we consider it imperative that they repair this omission.

—From the 35th Anniversary issue

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

A FADING POLITICAL ISSUE

SENATOR KENNEDY'S impressive triumph in West Virginia has led many observers, as well as the interested participants, to take a new look at the domestic political scene. The Wisconsin primaries, it was widely assumed, indicated that the "religious issue" was going to be a significant factor in the Presidential campaign. The primaries in West Virginia, where Catholics represent only five per cent of the population, would suggest that the opposite is more nearly true.

The reasons which have been offered to account for Senator Kennedy's victory in West Virginia are as varied as the people who support or oppose him. Some attributed it to his personal charm and speaking ability; others to a highly organized, highly effective machine; still others to the support given him by Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., in a state where the Roosevelt name still works its magic. Yet others say that the "religious issue" was emphasized out of all proportion and that it reacted in Senator Kennedy's favor. But just as nothing obscures the fact of victory in political contests, no matter how the defeated candidate rationalizes his defeat, so nothing can obscure the fact that religious allegiance and prejudice did not determine the outcome in West Virginia. Senator Kennedy himself had little doubt about what happened to the religious issue: it was "buried eight feet deep in West Virginia; now if we can get the Catholics to stop talking about it, we're in business."

The Senator's exuberance and hope are understandable; caught as he sometimes was between the criticism of Catholics and the criticism of Protestants, he must frequently have felt as if he were being offered up to the gods of history. Unfortunately, his judgment seems premature; as a significant factor in the campaign, the religious issue may have been dealt a damaging blow in West Virginia, but it is still too early to offer the funeral oration. A cursory glance at published and televised statements since the West Virginia elections will show that many people continue to raise the familiar doubts, to pose the old questions.

It may be that the questions and accusations should go unanswered, but that is an unlikely supposition it would be idle luxury to indulge. Some of those who raise the questions are sincere, reasonable people who are open to informed and responsible replies. However discouraging and wearying it must be for those who engage in the discussions, repetition must inevitably play a considerable role in the exchanges. And the discussions will continue up to the national elections in November.

IN SPITE OF such a distressing prospect, some optimistic inferences can be drawn from the West Virginia primaries. Protestants, it has been demonstrated, will not engage in bloc-voting along religious lines where other issues are presented. And the more important the issues, the less prominence will be given to religion as a factor. In any assessment of what took place in the campaign and the election, no one should overlook the fine statements opposing religious discrimination which were made by leading Protestant spokesmen. These statements can be matched by those of Catholic spokesmen, and there is increasing reason to believe that Catholic bloc-voting will prove to be no more substantial than bloc-voting by Protestants.

It is unreasonable to expect active participants in the present election to regard the outcome of any primary with an unpartisan eye. Yet all citizens must finally acknowledge that the victory of West Virginia was more than the triumph of a single candidate or the omen of a Democratic victory. It was a triumph over real prejudices which have

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often divided our country, alleged prejudices which were said to be an insurmountable obstacle to a Roman Catholic candidate, over the poll-takers and commentators who saw the election pivoting on the single factor of religion. The citizens of West Virginia offer to the rest of the country a reasonable hope that however much we continue to debate the political effects of religious commitment, Presidential candidates will not be selected on the basis of their personal religious beliefs.

STORM IN THE CARIBBEAN

WHAT NEXT in Cuba? Obviously nobody can make any reliable predictions in a situation as confused and as volatile as the one prevailing in Fidel Castro's revolutionary state. But the grim probability is that conditions there will get worse before they get better.

Even the most sympathetic commentators find themselves increasingly unable to explain—at least in any reassuring way—the words and actions of Premier Castro and his government. Every week seems to bring a new low in Cuban-U.S. relations, and the most recent flare-up in relations between the two governments has turned what was a discouraging situation into one which is downright dismaying. The Castro regime's steady campaign of anti-U.S. propaganda found fresh fuel in the discovery in Cuba of a small plane flown from the U.S. by an American pilot. Cuban officials charged that the American, who was shot down and killed by Cuban secret service men, had flown anti-Castro leaders out of the country and was attempting to smuggle out an additional group of anti-Castro plotters. Such flights are, of course, forbidden by U.S. law, but no explanation is available from the pilot, since the Cuban security agents shot first and asked questions afterward. The announcement of the killing of the pilot was, furthermore, contained in an anti-Yankee diatribe, describing the flight as part of a U.S. government "conspiracy" against the Cuban government.

The anti-U.S. demonstrations set off by these accusations had not yet subsided when Premier Castro burst out with even wilder charges—that the U.S. is planning an armed invasion of his country. He revealed that Cuban patrol boats, well outside the island's territorial waters, had fired on a U.S. submarine cruising on the surface, fortunately not hitting the U.S. ship. Since the action, which has been confirmed by the Navy, took place on the high seas, and since U.S. freedom of passage to and from the Guantanamo base is specifically guaranteed by agreement between the two countries, the attack is inexplicable. Joined with the hysterical cry that the U.S is attempting to invade Cuba, the action becomes extremely disturbing and dangerous.

This rising hostility against the U.S. is backed up by increasingly sympathetic relations between Cuba and the U.S.S.R. and other Communist nations and increasingly sympathetic official positions on Communists and Communism within Cuba. But, complicating the situation still further, opposition to these tactics continues to grow in Cuba, according to on-the-spot reports, even in the face of harsh repression, and Oriente Province, the seat of Castro's own revolutionary forces, ironically, now harbors armed rebels who have engaged government troops in open combat.

The prognosis, then—an unhappy one for the Cuban people as well as for their neighbors—seems to be more trouble in U.S.-Cuban relations and the distinct possibility of more trouble on the island itself.

NASHVILLE'S METHOD

CONDITIONS vary considerably in the sixty-five Southern cities where Negro students and others have engaged in sit-in demonstrations to bring about desegregation of local lunch counters. Boycotts by the Negro community, for one thing, are of varying economic effect. In Nashville, Tenn., this sort of economic pressure greatly impelled the seven principal stores to reconsider their policy of segregated lunch counters. Meanwhile, however, there were important elements in the community working toward a solution which would forestall the disorder and violence which attended the demonstrations there in recent months.

Thanks to their efforts, it would seem that several components of the Nashville pattern are susceptible of wider application. One of these was careful preparation of a program mutually agreed upon; this went so far as to have specified white patrons scheduled to eat at the counters during the slack hours when small groups of Negroes were to be served in the first phase of a graduated program. Another was comparative secrecy as far as the general public was concerned, with the local newspapers informed and cooperating. Uniformed police were designedly absent. Thus business motives and public-spiritedness combined in Nashville to carry

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through quietly the first stage of a lunch-counter desegregation which should gradually and almost inperceptibly gain acceptance.

NO HELP FOR THE HUNGRY

ONE THING at least might have been expected from the Kennedy-Humphrey contest in West Virginia: some solid measure of help for the pockets of depression and unemployment in that and other states around the nation. Both candidates stressed the need for Federal assistance for areas which were chronic victims of technological unemployment; both dramatized the fact that in America's prosperous sixties there are still, literally, millions of citizens who have to make do on U.S. surplus food distribution; both talked of the necessary role of the government in developing new industry and diversifying existing industry in these impoverished regions. Thus West Virginia emerged from the campaign as a symbol of those dozens of areas which Department of Labor statistics regularly classify as chronically depressed.

With national attention focused on the West Virginia situation, then, there seemed a chance that some constructive action might be taken by Congress, after years of vain effort. Considerable legislative ingenuity was shown in the House to get the matter out of the hands of the conservative Rules Committee and onto the floor for consideration; the Senate showed its eagerness to go along by quickly agreeing to compromise its measure to conform with the less ambitious House proposals. There the idyll ended, however, for just before leaving for the summit conference President Eisenhower vetoed the bill, with the comment that its provisions would "squander" the taxpayers' money. In place of the vetoed $251 million bill, he again urged the Congress to pass a far less ambitious Administration measure which would cost about a fifth as much.

Democratic reaction to the Presidential veto was understandably mixed. The bill's liberal sponsors want to help the underdeveloped areas; no one can challenge that fact. And yet they cannot help knowing that President Eisenhower has handed them a ready-made campaign issue. Republican strategists remember with real pain what a Presidential veto of a similar bill did to them in the 1958 Congressional elections; the Democrats have every reason to expect similar results from the latest Presidential veto.

The distressed-area bill which President Eisenhower vetoed was a long way from being that rarest of rare creatures, a perfect bill. But Administration proposals err at least as seriously by being much too narrow in scope. Chronically depressed areas like those in West Virginia cannot lift themselves by their own bootstraps; they need new capital and industrial diversification on a scale that is beyond capacities of local industry or government. Bitter-end opponents of aid to such depressed areas will always denounce measures to help them as waste, but the true waste would be to allow the present situation to continue a minute longer than is necessary. This is a situation that calls for maturity and judgment on both sides; even in an election year it should be possible to get agreement on a bill that would at least be a start toward restoring the country's chronically depressed areas.

A SAD CIRCLE

ONE WOULD think that economists, automobile club officials and shippers who are interested in the nation's highways would be happy about the popularity of the domestic and foreign "compacts," which currently are accounting for thirty per cent of new car sales in the United States. The size and maneuverability of these popular cars, the smaller punishment they deal the nation's roadways and their economy of operation might be expected to appear attractive to representatives of such groups. Speakers at a recent Highway Transportation Congress have deemed otherwise.

The big criticism these experts voiced was that the smaller cars are proving to be too economical; they simply do not consume enough gasoline to provide the tax revenues on which present plans are based. The obvious remedy of still higher tax rates, it is thought, offers little hope. Present rates are believed to have reached a point where a further boost would provoke widespread resistance. People with larger cars would either spend more time at home—a calamitous prospect—or they, too, would turn in their full-scale highway-revenue-producers for the dread new vehicles which go so much farther on the gallon. There appears to be no easy way of getting round this manifestation of taxpayers' resistance. However, those who bank on gasoline tax revenues for roadbuilding and repairs might be able to wrest some of the billion and two-thirds supplied by gasoline sales taxes from other government officials who now expend these funds for non-highway purposes. In this idea the highway users' conference found its one truly happy note.

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The Other America

Beyond the Neon signs and the Coke bottles, another America still survives — as of now

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

AT TWENTY, most of us have painfully learned that stereotypes are a way of lying, of expressing the sprawl of reality, the contradictions of experience. By thirty, we discover the other side of the coin: that the stereotype is a way of saying a half-truth. To be sure, people and things are frozen, plucked out of time and history in the process, but there is always a wisdom at the center of the distortion.

When it comes to stereotypes of America, there is even more complexity, for all of them are partially true, even though many of them express polar opposites. Dickens' vision of revolutionists devoted to freedom and slavery is accurate; Blake's prophetic image of a liberating nation is too. More recently, the fashionable stereotype has been almost completely negative. "America" stands for gadgetry, rootlessness, in the tyranny of mass-produced *kitsch*. "Americanization" is the terrible fate which is befalling Europe as it produces an efficient industrial civilization. The symbol of Coca-Cola shall stand over all.

Another America is suggested by Robert Frank in his brilliant collection of photographs, *The Americans*. (Grove. $7.50.) He has seen a nation of almost tragic spaciousness in which people are glimpsed at a moment of repose: looking out of windows, listening to music, sometimes thoughtful but always waiting, caught in a welter of experience (or, to make the metaphor photographic: riding an endless highway). His camera has defined an older stereotype, one which precedes the theories of mass culture and says the exact opposite of the grim thesis that posits "Americanization" as mechanized mindlessness.

In *The Americans,* one finds two main vantage points: the region and the working people. It is important to remember (or to be reminded) that families need not look as serenely vulgar as they do in a Norman Rockwell illustration, that there are still faces clearly marked by their experience, areas which defy any attempt to erect a huge stereotype. And people still work. The middle-class citizen, so distant from the plant and perhaps hypnotized by automation, can almost come to believe that the commodities of this society are produced invisibly and without human intervention. Frank's camera reminds one that this is not so. For there is an America which has perhaps been out of sight in the fifties. A feeling of helplessness, of frustration in a decade of conservativism and reaction, directed the eyes toward the neon sign and the infinite rows of Coke bottles. But another America remained. It is, to be sure, under the attack of mass culture and it may be destroyed by the incredible incompetence of political leaders. As of now, it survives.

THE MOST obvious, even defining, fact about the other America is its variety, the resourcefulness of its geography. One million sign-boards can be erected on the highways; hundreds of thousands of vistas can be blocked out of view; but a sweeping magnificence persists.

In Seattle, Washington, the people live in the presence of Mount Rainier. The Indians, it is said, once thought that this solemn peak was God. Their mistake is understandable. Driving in the city, one never knows when the turning of a corner will reveal the aspect of beauty. On a clear day, each hour, each period, is given a special definition by the mountain. And this geography enters into a culture. It is, of course, intermingled with the history of the region: logging, the I.W.W., the Seattle General Strike of 1919 (in this American city, they spoke of "Soviets" at that time), the weatherbeaten and brawling tradition of a port.

Thus, the coffee cups in many restaurants in Washington are bigger than they are in the East. Their shape developed out of an outdoor, working world and they are part of the texture of life in the area. At the trucker's stop in the Cascade mountains where breakfast is ten

Mr. Harrington, a regular contributor, writes on political and cultural matters for a number of American journals.

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strips of bacon, four eggs and a pile of home-fries, these coffee cups are one of the forms defining a history and a way of living. They are related to the towering fact of the mountain.

Then there is a place like Stockton, California. This is the center of a lush, profitable farm land which for years has been dominated by huge growers. In the city, one suddenly confronts an unusual sight in contemporary America: a working class defined by its clothes. Someone remarked not too long ago that when the big factories in Detroit put up lockers for the workers, the existence of social classes became harder to see on the city streets. The men no longer went to the shop in their work clothes. Rather, they wore clean shirts and slacks and changed at the plant. This hasn't happened yet in Stockton.

As you drive through the city, the sun-burned faces of the lounging men along skid-row (where the "shape-up" for the farm workers takes place early in the morning) are unmistakable. Every field-hand wears a hat; the levis ride low on the hips. The impression is utterly unlike that of a mid-Western farm town, for it is dominated by day-laborers and not by farmers. And yet, even here, there is a participation in the romance of the *métier,* the miserable, low-paid, starvation *métier:* "Picking gets in the blood," a serious face will say. "I've been trying to quit for twelve years, but I'm still here."

And there is an industrial geography, too. Outside of Pittsburgh, there are coal and steel towns with their slag heaps, their company houses, the perpetual shadow of the machine. Yet, when the plant gives out (as the mines in West Virginia have), the people cling to their tiny, dirty world. There are friendships, churches, traditions, a fierce way of life within the great world. Here, as in Seattle or Stockton, the region has made a culture. Even here.

One could go on and on, but the point is obvious. The other America is still a nation of regions, of scenic surprise (as the plane lifts over the mountains coming down from Denver, the city of Albuquerque and the desert on which it lies seem almost a Shangri-la). The other America is culturally heterogeneous: its coffee cups are different, so are its politics. Its vitality may well be a matter of cultural lag, of a historic impetus acquired in experiences which pre-date the era of mass culture. But the other America is real.

AND YET there is a point of homogeneity. At its worst, it is a source of arrogant ignorance and bigotry; at its best, it is the persistence of something precious and fine. The other America is not simply a political democracy. It is a democratic culture as well.

Not too long ago, Dwight Macdonald wrote of America in *Dissent: "Here:* everybody 'equal' in the sense that nobody respects anybody else unless he has to, by *force majeure;* the national motto should be not 'E Pluribus Unum,' not 'In God We Trust,' but: 'I got mine and screw you, Jack! or better, 'Brother'—('friend' and 'brother' being used to express extreme hostility and contempt)." Macdonald is quite right, quite fashionable and quite wrong. Our democratic culture has led to anti-intellectualism, to an incredible egotism, and it lacks a European respect for tradition. All this is true, but this stereotype must have its counter-stereotype: the positive, driving force of the egalitarian ethos in the United States.

Take waiters. At the point of table service, a culture expresses its values profoundly. The English waiter "thanks" the patron at every moment in the process. There is a litany of servility. The German customer will call the lowliest bus boy "Mr. Headwaiter," but accompanies this by an imperiousness of the voice and, often enough, table pounding. The tone contradicts the form. And in America, waiters are often gallingly independent, slow, poised and familiar; yet they are not overwhelmed by being waiters, they are as "good" as you are.

On another level, there are thousands of union locals in the other America where workers participate in a living democracy. This is the "other" labor movement (other than the one-sided, and often malicious, image of the union produced in the Congressional hearings). In it, local presidents are regularly defeated for office, the rank and file produces its own leaders and a sense of solidarity is real and alive. A famous European socialist once said to a friend of mine, "Your workers walk differently. They seem so confident."

In such an atmosphere, "Brother" is not a word of contempt but a token of a certain community. At times, it is even embarrassing to hear. Not long ago, a rank-and-file unionist in Lansing, Michigan, who had been on the losing side in an election, was shocked at the idea that this should lead him to distrust the union itself. His victorious opponent, he explained to me, was a union brother and despite their differences they were part of a common cause. The moment was, to be sure, sentimental (and, consequently, for the observer, not without its irony), but it happens in the other America.

ALL OF THIS, of course, is not the product of some mysterious, genetic process whereby Americans were born different—or better. It comes out of our history. The frontier, the immigrant waves, the tradition of opportunity, the struggle of Populist farmers and C.I.O. workers—these are the creative moments of a democratic culture. They have not marked America with those ruins and layers of civilization which make the European tradition so visual. True enough, the other America is constantly tearing down buildings and putting up taller ones. But the continuity does exist

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in the manners, attitudes and speech of the people, and this is another sense of the word America.

Perhaps what confuses so many people about the other America is that it is a maze of contradictions. The sense of solidarity can also become xenophobia; the egalitarianism can turn savagely on the representative of high culture. Or, by a peculiar paradox, the American sense of classlessness often becomes a support for the reality of social classes. It conceals antagonisms, it blunts the drive for social justice; the belief that we are "all" middle class is part of a mechanism of domination in which the people are submissive.

Yet these contradictions are but another expression of the expansiveness, the individuality of the other America. And taking the positive stereotype rather than the negative, this American egalitarianism is a more decent and human way of people meeting people than exists in societies which have impressive monuments to tradition. Indeed, this is probably *the* American monument.

It is important to understand the other America. For if the pessimistic theorists are right, we live in a nation which has been artificially homogenized, and where opinion is infinitely manipulable. That is the pejorative sense of America, and it expresses its own truth. But the inescapable conclusion of such a vision is, at best, the attitude of the benevolent bureaucrat (if only the "good" people could get hold of the means of brainwashing, and manipulate the masses for a "good" cause). On the other hand, there is hope if one can see the other America. Take the Negroes in the Southern sit-ins for an example.

For some years, a great many Negroes in the South conformed to part of the racist stereotype. They were passive, they accepted their own degradation. This was accomplished through a political mechanism of terror, an economic system of harsh exploitation, a social reality of exclusion from the culture of the white man. But even then, the other Negro was developing. First of all, there was the enormous creativity which went into the Negro Church. (To some, this seemed only quaint; in retrospect, it must be recognized that this was a momentous fact.) Then there came the slow contact with a broader world—with the radio, movies, television, the unions and modern industry. Behind the stereotype, a new tradition was in the making. It burst out in the Montgomery bus-boycott; it subsided; it has flared up, all the stronger, in sit-ins.

And what if this would happen, not only among the Negroes, but throughout the other America as well? The future, if it is to contain hope, is being prepared in the midst of the other America. Here, in that part of the nation which is not dominated by gadgets and mass media, is the source of our creativity. This sentiment, in its gutted form, is the commonplace piety of all the candidates and Fourth of July orators who have ever been. But it may be the expression of a reality, too; the reality of the other America.

CONTRADICTORY SIGNS

Vatican-Soviet Relations

by GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

THE LONG HERALDED visit to the Soviet Union by Italian President Giovanni Gronchi is now well on its way to becoming ancient history. But there were some interesting aspects to the matter which have not yet been fully explored.

Before Signor Gronchi left for his visit to the U.S.S.R., Italian Communists and diplomatic representatives of Communist countries in Rome seemed obsessed by one question, which they eagerly put to everybody they thought might be in a position to know: has the President been entrusted with some sort of mission by the Vatican? Those who asked the question received only repeated denials from all sides, but this reply did not seem to impress them. Even now, in fact, after the visit, when it is quite clear that nothing much has come of it, even for Italy, Communist diplomats who "specialize" in the Vatican—and there are quite a number of them in Rome—maintain that there was something more concrete than mere suppositions behind their questions.

In one sense, there is no doubt about the wish of the Communist countries to normalize their relations with the Vatican. At the same time, practically all the reports from these countries which reach Rome—and they are both numerous and detailed—point in the same direction: allowing for certain variations in emphasis from country to country, there is in all the Communist countries a new anti-religious and particu-

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larly anti-Catholic drive under way. This contradiction between what is said by Communist diplomats and what is done at home is illustrated in a particularly eloquent way by what has happened to the planned Soviet Russian pilgrimage to Rome.

The fact that Soviet citizens are allowed to make pilgrimages to far-off lands is nothing new in itself. Soon after the end of the war, Moslem pilgrims from the Soviet Union turned up in Mecca and Medina, and small groups have returned often since. Three years ago, however, a group of Catholic pilgrims from the U.S.S.R. arrived for the very first time in Rome. The group consisted of seven laymen, all of whom belonged to the biggest Catholic minority in the U.S.S.R., that of Lithuania.

The seven laymen from the U.S.S.R. were received in a general audience by the late Pope Pius XII and visited, among other places, the Lithuanian College in Rome, where some of them were personally known from before the Soviet occupation. The professors there were able to talk to the visitors privately, and on the whole they received a favorable impression. One of the things the seven laymen reported was that according to Soviet statistics more than eighty per cent of the Lithuanian population was actively practicing its religion. And when the time came for them to leave, the Lithuanians promised to return with a much bigger group, including Catholics from other parts of Soviet Russia. The date for this contemplated return visit was later fixed for Easter, 1959, and it was settled that next time there would be about twenty people.

ALL THIS came about because of the activities of one strange man. This was an Italian Oratorian, Andrea Gaggero, who during the war had belonged to the partisans fighting the Germans. After the war ended he was closely connected with the Communist-sponsored peace partisan movement and for that reason was first warned by his superiors and finally, when he did not obey, suspended *a divinis*. Ever since he has been what would be called a fellow-traveler, very active in Italy and in the Communist countries, although always careful to insist that he is not a Communist himself.

On one of his trips Andrea Gaggero visited Moscow with a group of other Italian peace partisans, and there he was the one picked out for Khrushchev's first peace offensive in the direction of the Vatican. We are willing, the "peace partisan" was told by the Soviet foreign minister, to improve and normalize our relations, even with the Vatican—a statement which attracted considerable attention when it was subsequently reported in Italy, even though nothing came of it at the time.

Later, during the Hungarian uprising when world opinion was so roused against the Soviet Union, Andrea Gaggero was received by Khrushchev, who again repeated that it was his wish to improve relations between his country and the Vatican. As an entirely self-appointed representative of the Catholic world, the suspended Oratorian reported that he then told Nikita Khrushchev that the U.S.S.R. had first to show its good will, and this the Soviet premier declared he was willing to do. Afterward the visitor from Italy was allowed to visit all the Catholic minorities of importance within the country, including the small groups of Catholics belonging to the Latin rite in the big cities, the Lithuanians, and even the Catholics of Greek rite in the Ukraine, who at the end of the war saw their clergy imprisoned while they themselves were incorporated by force into the Russian Orthodox Church. It was as a result of this tour that the seven Lithuanian pilgrims came to Rome and the plans made for a bigger group to follow.

The big group, however, did not arrive at Easter of 1959. It was explained from the Russian side that the arrival date had been postponed in order to include more people, even priests, and a new date was fixed, this time October, 1959. But again no group materialized, and this time no explanation was given. Instead, two travelers arrived in Rome by air from Moscow, proceeding directly and without any notice to the Lithuanian College. The two visitors, it turned out, were Lithuanian seminarians with Soviet passports, wanting to study for the priesthood in Rome. There was no reason for not accepting them, and as far as studies were concerned, the two young seminarians have turned out to be exceptionally bright. Their expenses are now regularly paid to the College by the Soviet Embassy; so far they are the only citizens of Soviet Russia studying for the priesthood in Rome.

This is one set of facts. At the same time, however, news arrived from Lithuania that Soviet authorities had reduced the number of Lithuanians allowed to study for the priesthood still further, cutting the total to seventy, an action which practically means slow strangulation for the Church. Moreover, it was reported that the intolerable interference by the civil authorities in all fields of religious life had increased recently rather than decreased.

THESE FEW examples illustrate very well the strange contradictions in the current attitude of Communist countries toward the Church, and they should be enough to explain Rome's extremely cautious attitude toward the Communist hints. Nonetheless, this should not be taken to mean that Rome is unwilling to show realistic good will on its part.

Until recently, for example, the two big Polish religious institutions in Rome, the Polish College and the Polish Institute, were politically divided. In the Polish Institute seminarians from Poland study during the winter, frequenting among other institutions the Gregor-

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ian University and returning to Poland during the summer. In the Polish College, on the other hand, the political *émigrés* dominated, and there the present uneasy *modus vivendi* in Poland between the Church and the Communist authorities was regarded as a form of harmful collaboration between the Church and its enemies. Now, however, the political refugees have been resettled elsewhere, and opinion in the Polish College today is the same as that of the Polish Institute, seeing the policy of Cardinal Wyszynski as the only practical course at present, in spite of the fact that pressure on the Church has recently been increasing, even in Poland.

In the light of all this, it is obvious that if the U.S.S.R. has any interest in improving and normalizing its relations with the Church, that interest is now less than before. Khrushchev clearly feels that he can afford to let the Church wait. Even more significant, there are definite symptoms which indicate that he thinks he can afford even more, and here the record of Tito may be significant.

Tito broke with the Soviet Union, but he never changed his attitude on Rome. He made concessions only when it was impossible to do otherwise and usually after pressure from the West. Catholic priests in Yugoslavia have continued to be put on trial, in the same spirit and more or less for the same reasons as the late Cardinal Stepinac once was. Indeed, Tito not only continues his cold war against Rome, but has even established friendly contacts with anti-Catholic elements in the West.

In the aftermath of President Gronchi's visit to the U.S.S.R., some observers in Rome believe that Khrushchev may be relying on the example of Tito in his efforts to bring pressure to bear on the Church. No one, of course, can really read the Russian mind on this matter, but the theory would help to explain what look to be sharp contradictions in the present Soviet policy toward religion.

Whatever the explanation for it, it should also be noted that the Jewish minorities within the Communist countries and particularly in the U.S.S.R. are experiencing the same increased pressure, combined with similar gestures of good will. In this respect Catholics and Jews seem to be in the same boat. Just where that boat is heading at the moment is not clear.

LANDSCAPES WITH FIGURES

An Indian Sketchbook

by JULIAN MARIAS

IF YOU TRAVEL in India it is advisable to take a window seat and watch the countryside as it rolls by hour after hour. The rice fields become green mirrors: the sky and clouds are reflected in the water with which they are inundated; the graceful shoots cloak everything with verdure; here and there are human figures. Farther off, sugar cane, grain fields, pastures where cows, water buffaloes and bullocks are grazing. Figures bend down to the soil; the bearded Indian in his turban plows slowly; a woman walks by with a gilded vessel on her head, gracefully trailing the yellow, blue, violet or purple *sari* that gives her such a regal air; girls go to the spring to fill their smaller vessels.

It is the good earth, the earth which men work and live on, tens of centuries old but virtually timeless, appearing, as it were, eternal. In its elemental and most radical aspects, it makes one think of the Old Testament, of the same roots of humanity. Never before had I fully realized that tilling the soil is the primary form, perhaps the most basic form, of culture.

India has more than half a million villages which are widely dispersed, extending all along the main roads. It is a mistake to travel fast simply because the villages are widely scattered. One sees old men with marvelous tunics of bright red or blue, long white beards and the countenances of ancient sages, with white lines across their wrinkled foreheads. Perhaps they cannot read but they are wise with a wisdom that does not derive from books. Widows in white *saris,* married women with vermillion tocques on their heads, little girls strolling along with thick braids and soft liquid eyes. Men almost naked—perhaps a loin cloth suffices—or in tight garments: with turbans, or white caps such as Nehru wears, or bare-headed; tunics, tight white coats and narrow trousers, long white robes.

They lead herds of sheep, cows, water buffaloes; perhaps a little girl of six pasturing a whole herd of cows; droves of little burros not much larger than the goats that walk along with them, with loads of

Mr. Marias, the author of *Reason and Life* (Yale) and a frequent contributor, recently returned to Spain from an extended visit to India.

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wood or bricks on their backs; a snake-charmer who plays his flute at the entrance to the village; a bear-trainer; three peasants mounted high up on camels who stand out like the Magi in the landscape. There is no thought of haste; dogs sleep along the road by day and by night; and not only dogs, but boys and men. No one fails to have his rest, no one thinks of moving out of the way. It is the vehicle—because it has wheels and moves fast—that has to move to get around the obstacle.

NOBILITY. That is the word which the people of India evoke in me. From the loftiest social classes— exquisite ladies of Calcutta or Mysore, who can unite an unfettered natural air with a calm and reticence almost unknown in the West; philosophers, statesmen or men who are both, such as Vice President Radhakrishnan—down to the hungry ones. Yes, the hungry ones are so many, at times millions. There are almost four hundred million people in India—thirteen Spains, twice as many people as there are in the United States and almost twice the population of the Soviet Union or Africa. There are many more people in India than in the Western hemisphere from the North Pole to Cape Horn.

Poverty is no accident but the *condition* of India. (I am well aware that until very recently it has been the condition of mankind, but nonetheless the poverty of India is quite different from the poverty which we now experience in the West.) Their "necessary" poverty —I mean historically necessary, their "condition," as I said, not their "natural state"— is not at all unreconcilable with the dignity of man. Extreme poverty in the West—the deepest Spanish poverty, for example —strikes us as "sub-human." Only exceptionally is this true in India, in forms of misery which are connected with illness, vice, or physical deformities, and these exceptions are likely to be encountered only in the large cities.

In the fields, on the nutritious earth—which has so many to nourish here—and in the villages, living conditions are primitive, elemental, most austere, but they are not below the dignity of man unless, due to this or that special circumstance, he has been deprived of his dignity. Hunger itself is like the oppressive heat, the torrential rains, the floods, old age, which stoops the body and brings white hairs, death which inevitably comes to all of us one day. Hunger in India takes its place as a natural condition of life, along with the phases of the moon, the mosquitoes, the harvests or the monsoons.

This poverty is no obstacle to dignity and beauty of gesture: the two hands which are joined above the breast in greeting, the flowing lines of the *sari,* the gathering of the tresses at the nape of the neck, the sunny smile. It does not prevent life in India from having form, and the garments of the people—often not far from tatters—offer beautiful flashes of color against the white of the houses or the rich and velvet-like green of the fields. Nor does poverty keep the girls from laughing as they fill their jars at the fountain. Men and beasts trudge together along the roads in companionship just as they did in the time of Genesis, or share the houses and patios where the rice is pounded.

FEW THINGS are as moving to behold as the countryside of India, in Mysore—perhaps the most beautiful of all—in Bengal, in the Punjab. The narrow, slow-moving rivers—Cauvery, Cooum, Yamuna, Hoogly, the Ganges; the pools and ponds where men and animals are bathing; the tremendous trees, banana, mango, sandalwood, palm, at times all tangled with vines that reach down to the ground and wholly conceal their trunks; hills and mountains on the horizon; eagles and vultures and black crows (the little familiar crows of India), but also magnificent peacocks that cross the road and lose themselves in the brush. Thousands of green parrots among the green leaves, streaks of color everywhere, tiny, darting squirrels, holes that are serpents' nests, the eyes of jackals that shine in the night.

A land that is inhabited, a land of men; a land consecrated by temples and the perfume of offerings and prayer. The man of India is not nature itself but he is in the midst of nature without a break between, without revulsion, without violence. He lives in nature, making of it his abode, his house, domesticating it, humanizing it.

When the Indian stretches out on the ground—in the country or the village, not on the lifeless pavement of the large city—when he sleeps unconcerned, at night or at the height of the day, it is perhaps because he has not had enough to eat and is compensating by his dreams for the lack of rice, fruit or fish. But it seems that the earth can be his "mother." His body is not alien to the earth; when he awakens he rises from the earth, but without separating himself from it, without pulling up his roots.

His life is regulated by the seasons, by the all-powerful monsoon, by the stars, by the signs in the heavens, by the gods or rather by God. When in the temple he places his hands above the flame of the burning taper, scrapes his forehead on the reddish dust and plucks a red flower, it seems that he is becoming part of an order of things which reaches without a break from the earth itself to the Godhead. And he goes forth from the temple, treading the rock with his bare feet, to the top of the hill of Chamundi; below, far in the distance, there appear the thousands of lights of Mysore; above, the everlasting and serene order of the constellations.

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THE PRIORITY OF A PRIORI

IN DOM AELRED Graham's stimulating book on *Christian Thought and Action* I ran across these sentences from a speech which the author delivered a decade ago in his native England: "The clerical mind, let it be admitted, is all but incorrigibly *a priori*: we are trained for deduction rather than induction; we work from principles down to particulars rather than the other way about. That is well enough, say, in dogmatic theology or canon law, but it perhaps explains why a man may become a priest, he might even become a bishop, without understanding the way in which a normal educated Englishman thinks; and failing to grasp that, he will misunderstand the workings of our parliamentary system of government."

In the American Catholic community the "clerical mind" is often the dominant cast of thought among lay spokesmen as well, due in no small degree, I suspect, to the fact that American Catholic institutions of higher learning have long been directed by devoted priests and Religious whose own education was formed in the clerical mold.

The *a priori* mindset, as Dom Aelred acknowledged, has its advantages, not only in the field of seminary studies but in the philosophic disciplines. But when it is applied to concrete political questions it often turns out to be misleading. An example is to be found in Catholic reaction to the New Deal legislation against child labor. When those laws were first proposed there was a great outcry against them, not of course based on any indifference to the exploitation of children but on certain *a priori* findings to the effect that they would interfere with parental rights. All sorts of dire consequences were predicted. If child-labor legislation became effective, it was argued, the nation would be taking a fatal step down the road to totalitarianism. Despite such misgivings, the step was taken. The terrible things that were supposed to follow, however, did not come about. And the exploitation of children was put to an end.

To take a more modern example of the *a priori* mentality, consider the approach to foreign policy and the cold war which is posited on simple deductions from Marxist-Leninist readings. According to the Communist scriptures, it is argued, the Russians can be depended upon to act this or that way. But of course, though the Russians are pretty good at *a priori* thinking themselves, their actions are not as easily predictable as all that, as we have learned from time to time, often to our sorrow. For instance, we used to say that Soviet science, operating in a totalitarian regime, could never outdistance American science, operating in an atmosphere of free research. Now we know better.

Nor is the behavior of native Communists simple to predict on the basis of doctrine. This was evident in the case of Communist screenwriters in Hollywood. A favorite major premise of the *a priori* experts on Communism is that the Communist artist always subordinates his artistic work to political considerations. It follows therefore that if a Communist is a screenwriter he will use his position to propagandize. When it was brought out that dozens of scriptwriters had once been members of the Party, this conclusion was put to a practical test.

Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, then chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, announced that a study would be made to show that the films these men made while they were members of the Party were full of Communist propaganda. The study, however, was quietly buried when it turned out that the Communist writers had little or no C.P. propaganda to their credit but were responsible for their full share of twaddle, much of it explicitly vindicating capitalistic values. You can still see these films, by the way, on the late show.

In recent months, Catholics have been on the receiving end of the *a priori* approach. Some prominent members of the Protestant clergy, it would appear, are as afflicted with the "clerical mind" as their Catholic brethren. Most of the arguments being made against a Catholic's being elected President are grounded on *a priori* premises. Dogmatic principles are laid down and quotations from Catholic ecclesiastical authorities and snippets from theological journals are cited to "prove" beyond question that no sincere Catholic can be an equally sincere believer in the separation of Church and State or religious toleration. The American Catholic community knows of course that this conclusion is simply untrue. But the *a priori* case is there to be made, and it is difficult to answer this case persuasively.

It is somewhat ironic to watch Catholic commentators, so many of whom are themselves incorrigible devotees of *a priori* reasoning, now demanding that their opponents look to the record and consult the facts as well the scriptures. They know, in this case at least, that there is something missing in the political *a priori* judgment. For anyone in touch with the Catholic community understands that there is no conflict between the American Catholic's devotion to his Church and devotion to his country, no matter how many clinching arguments can be quoted from papal encyclicals, Cardinal Ottaviani, *Civiltà Cattolica* or the *American Ecclesiastical Review* to "prove" that there is.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

ODD MAN IN

PETER SELLERS, the English comedian who was so funny and ubiquitous with his three roles in "The Mouse That Roared," now turns up in three more roles, and once again he proves he is a superb comic performer. But in spite of his superior clowning and mimicry, Mr. Sellers, like most actors, is dependent on his material; and his three new roles are in three separate British films, films polished with varying degrees of success. In the Boulting Brothers' hilarious satire on trade unions, "I'm All Right, Jack," Peter Sellers is brilliant. As the somewhat pompous, inflexible shop steward, Sellers never caricatures the role; he lives it, spouting clichés and dogma to a neophyte, quaking before his wife and daughter who have had enough of his labor nonsense, boldly leading the docile workers into strike. Sellers is exposing not only a pig-headed labor leader but also any man and every man who puts up a bold front to cover the fact that he is somewhat beyond his depth.

Best Sellers' first-rate performance is only one of the many bright aspects of "I'm All Right, Jack," which is the funniest comedy to come along in years, and which, furthermore, comes at just the right time, when T.V. scandals and shabby standards can be better put in their place by scathing satire than by stern lecture. Handsomely produced by Roy Boulting, and directed by his twin, John, who also wrote the witty screen play with Frank Harvey and Alan Hackney, "Jack" runs the gamut of comedy. It has biting satire, absurd burlesque, hilarious slapstick, and even touches of gentle humor when concentrating on the sad plight of the film's hero, a booby who is fresh out of the army and can't find a job and who is played with delightful naiveté by Ian Carmichael. After deciding that neither the nudist camp where his father resides nor big business are for him, Ian starts at the bottom at a missile plant that is being mismanaged by his uncle, a scoundrel who wants things to go haywire in this plant so that its business will go to another factory in which he has a greater interest.

What happens when innocent, amiable Ian shows his fellow-workers how jobs can be done faster and more efficiently, when the union members decide that Ian is a stooge for the management and when they go out on strike while Ian works all alone in the plant and becomes a national hero is told in a stream of comedy that grows funnier with each new lampoon. Not only is organized labor kidded, but also management, industry (in sequences reminiscent of Chaplin's "Modern Times"), T.V. discussion programs, and various eccentricities of today's society. Even necking gets its share of mockery in this amazing movie. Clever Peter Sellers is surrounded by a fine cast who turn up again and again in English films: smooth Richard Attenborough, suave Dennis Price, bucktoothed Terry-Thomas, pompous and determined Margaret Rutherford, and many others, all of whom contribute greatly to the success of this Boulting Brothers burlesque. The film has been widely applauded and successful in Great Britain, where not even the kidded protest being laughed at.

THAT THE Boulting Brothers, who have also made such amusing comedies as "Private's Progress" and such serious films as "Thunder Rock," "Seven Days to Noon," and "Brighton Rock," don't always click is evidenced in another of their new comedies: "Man in a Cocked Hat." John was in charge of production, and Roy, with Jeffrey Dell, handled the direction and wrote the original story and screenplay. Foreign relations, with particular emphasis on British muddling through, comes under their scalpel this time; and while some of the jokes are very funny, most of the film is too far-fetched to have wide appeal. Peter Sellers is only mildly amusing as the opportunist prime minister of Gaillardia, an island to which Great Britain gave its freedom in 1916 but is now very much interested in because Russia and the United States have also shown an interest. Britain's Foreign Office makes its biggest mistake when it sends Gaillardia an inept ambassador (Terry-Thomas in a practically perfect performance as a bungler). The tiny island finally works out its own problems, after a series of slapstick scenes, when its young king falls for a lovely princess and love conquers all. Put "Man in a Cocked Hat" down as a minor try that wastes the talents of its two bright stars but may still attract Anglophiles who will agree that English film makers kid their fellow-countrymen better than anyone else.

BORROWING its plot from James Thurber's short story, "The Catbird Seat," and moving the locale from America to Scotland, another English comedy presents busy Peter Sellers in a bigger and more sympathetic role. In "The Battle of the Sexes," he goes to town portraying the mousy, extremely conservative and infallible chief accountant who's been with a famous tweed-selling establishment for thirty-five years come Michaelmas. But into his placid eyes comes a wicked gleam when the firm's new director installs an American industrial consultant (trimly played by Constance Cummings), who opens the windows and upsets the routine with her efficiency, modern contraptions and talk of Time and Motion Study. When his giddy efforts at sabotaging her up-to-date equipment fail, he gleefully and methodically plots her murder. But the infallible bookkeeper is a fallible man.

Producer-scriptwriter Monja Danischewsky has

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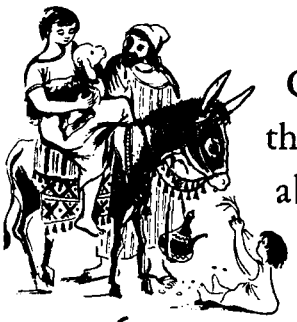

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given his film a good cast and appropriate Scottish settings, but he has also stretched the unpretentious Thurber story too far. Director Charles Crichton establishes his characters and backgrounds well, then has nowhere to go—and the plot and the joke soon run downhill. Kilted Robert Morley is so delightfully childish and inept as the new director of the fuddy-duddy house of tweeds that he steals every scene he's in and wins most of the laughs. Peter Sellers is a superb comedian who knows how to underplay as well as clown, but like any first-rate funster, he needs a funny script. I wonder, for the present, if Sellers isn't oversold. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"A SHORTER WORK WEEK"

Wilcox, Saskatchewan.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Lens is amusing ["A Shorter Work Week?" Apr. 29]. Whenever a society expert, billed as a trade unionist, crusades against both tradesmen and society it is inevitably amusing. Surely no one could take him seriously. Only a comedian or a Marxist could think that the leisure of the workman must be *collectively controlled* to keep society from deteriorating. We cannot afford to take either seriously.

Everyone agrees that education should fill leisure time. But to control this education in a collective way contradicts the basic principles of free society and human nature. And leisure. Let our universities provide varied adult educational opportunities and then let the adult choose.

Perhaps Mr. Lens has merely read the wrong books. Instead of Marx, have him try Aristotle. The first chapter of Metaphysics would be a good place for him to start.

"All men by nature desire to know." Each word is important for him to understand. The desire for knowledge is *natural* to all men, even workmen. Workmen do not need a society expert to impose or even create this desire. God has already done that.

Like Hegel, Marx and Lens, Aristotle can argue from history too. After all inventions for the utility of man were established, the philosopher says, "the sciences which do not aim at giving pleasure or the necessities of life were discovered, and first in the places where men began to have leisure. This is why the mathematical arts were founded in Egypt; for there the priestly caste were allowed to be at leisure." Let our social experts please allow the modern labor caste to be at leisure. Free leisure. True leisure. The rest will follow naturally. DAN OGLE.

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A National Achievement

by CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

WORLDWIDE praise for America's material achievements is an everyday occurrence. The same appreciation is not extended, however, to her cultural contribution. Even conspicuous international successes, such as those of William Faulkner and Van Cliburn, are still occasionally viewed by other nations as spectacular exceptions. Therefore it is rather pleasing to find at least a modest cultural domain where America is clearly recognized as truly supreme—namely, children's books.

Some other countries can boast a number of outstanding children's books. Indeed, American translations bear witness to this foreign excellence. But these remarkable books are more or less like happy oases in a sea of mediocrity from the point of view of content and form. In America, on the other hand, not only is the general production of children's books good, but it constantly improves. Looking back over twelve years of reviewing in these columns I can recall the time when I had to discard outright many more books than I could recommend. Now, the reverse is the case, and making a list has become a heartbreaking process of elimination.

This healthy state of affairs did not come about overnight. It is the result of some thirty years of hard pioneering work. A number of older people are responsible for this joyous harvest. They sowed at a time of little recognition and some of them departed unsung except by a small group of faithful disciples. It is, therefore, an occasion for rejoicing this year that one of these pioneers is reaping some of the honors that have been so long due her.

The Regina Medal goes to Anne Carroll Moore, author, critic, editor and head of Children's Work at the New York Public Library for many years. She is known from coast to coast, and in many lands abroad, by all those who have anything to do with children's books. Re-reading the "views and reviews" of Anne Carroll Moore in her 1939 volume, *My Roads to Childhood,* one must again admire the timeliness of her essays. At every page a vigorous, fearless, responsive mind entreats the reader ever forward and upward on the path of children's books. Some judgments may appear disconcerting and we may disagree with a commentary or two, but throughout the discussion remains on a high, scholarly, though never stiff, level, and the point of view is never small nor commonplace.

Those essays are a literary treat, where children's books retain an unusual dimension. There is vitality, fantasy, originality and a touch of genius in Anne Carroll Moore's critical approach. There is nothing in Europe, that I know of, which can be compared to this constructive contribution. Anne Carroll Moore has devoted a lifetime of intelligent and enthusiastic commitment to children's literature, a commitment so perceptive, alive and wise that it could never become a limitation; on the contrary it turns into a springboard for other adventures of the mind.

Anne Carroll Moore's name recalls other pioneers: Frederic Melcher, who founded the Newberry and Caldecott Medals; and May Massee, the Dean of Children's Editors who unswervingly, for more than thirty years, has been raising the standard of children's books. Now these pioneers, and others not mentioned, are not alone anymore—a host of young people are now contributing to the amazing quality of the yearly crop of books.

THIS DOES not mean that all is perfect, as readers of these twice-a-year columns may have been able to realize. One of the dangers lies in the industrialization of children's books—the children's books industry, books treated as merchandise, as commodities. One consequence of this is a too frequent discrepancy between a gorgeous make-up and a thin content. Also, too few American-born authors seem aware of the rest of the world. Too many books have the atmosphere of a happy national ghetto; issues and goals in American books are puny and childish in comparison with those offered to the average child outside the U.S. This is evident from the translated books as well as those written by naturalized Americans.

It should also be mentioned that the rocketing development of series is a matter for concern. There are now a number of excellent series in which the pitfalls of repetition and monotony have been successfully avoided. Some of the books belonging to these series are so outstanding that one might better criticize the way the series is used than the series itself. Many

Mrs. Bishop is well-known as an author of children's books. Among them are the following: *All Alone, The Big Loop, Blue Spring Farm, The Man Who Lost His Head, Pancakes-Paris, Toto's Triumph, Twenty and Ten, Bernard and His Dogs, Christopher and the Giant, The Ferryman, Five Chinese Brothers, Happy Christmas!, Martin de Porres, Hero* and her latest, *French Roundabout.*

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a person takes a series as a substitute for the effort and the responsibility involved in the personal choice of a book. When it comes to children's books, parents who feel "safe" with a certain series often give themselves up to the pleasure of riding down the hill of facility—no more problem, just buy or choose another book of the same series. Adults as well as children should be shown how to make the most of a series by learning how to discriminate within a series instead of taking it for granted. Then the series itself would be used to a greater advantage and the particular choice would help the publisher.

Given these reservations, it remains true that the general outlook for children's books in America is now exceptionally heartening. What is being put at the disposal of the American child for his entertainment, and the development of his mind and heart through books, is truly astounding in variety and quality. Indeed, if the excellence of human beings were wholly dependent upon book fare, we could well expect the young American readers of today to turn out, within ten or fifteen years, as the best specimens of mankind that ever walked this earth!

One thing is certain, a phalanx of authors, illustrators, translators, editors, publishers, critics, booksellers, printers and librarians are working now all over the United States with enthusiasm and dedication to bring to children a wealth of information, the joys of imagination and the life-giving strength of inspiration. This they not only do, but do well.

A Selected List of Children's Books

by Claire Huchet Bishop

PICTURE STORY BOOKS

St. Francis. By Pelagie Doane. Walck. $3.75.

A short life of St. Francis is presented in the distinctive, friendly style of a well-known author of excellent religious books, with full-page, soft-colored illustrations. A distinguished book. 6-10.

The Biblical Zoo. Written and ill. by Susan R. Nevil. McKay. $3.75.

The zoo in Jerusalem where the animals mentioned in the Old Testament are gathered. Each full-page colored picture is accompanied by the corresponding Biblical quotation. A splendid idea, well carried out. 6-12.

This is Rome. By M. Sasek. Macmillan. $3.

Perhaps the most successful of M. Sasek's brilliant large books on great cities. A treat. All ages.

The Adventures of Catherine of Siena. Story and pictures by Mary Reed Newland. Kenedy. $2.50.

The girlhood of the saint is told in endearing simple text and pictures by someone with much experience in introducing religious subjects successfully to children. 6-10.

Chendru: The Boy and the Tiger. By Astrid Bergman Sucksdorff. English version by William Samson. Harcourt. $3.25.

An Indian boy and his tiger were photographed in color for a film. The book is breathtaking in its beauty and enchanting in its simplicity. All ages.

The Very Special Badgers: A Tale of Magic from Japan. By Clauss Stamm. Ill. by Kazue Mizumura. Viking. $2.25.

A most successful re-telling from Japanese folklore. Fine suspense and an unexpected ending. Whimsical, lively colored drawings. 6-10.

Love is a Special Way of Feeling. By Joan Walsh Anglund. Harcourt. $1.75.

This exquisite little book in pictures and text tells what love is like in ways children can feel. This book will keep delighting children for many years. All ages.

The Things I Like. By Françoise. Scribners. $2.95.

There is always genius in Françoise's brush and pen. A gay, spontaneous book, made to win the approval of almost any little child. 4-7.

Pepito's Story. Written and ill. By Eugene Fern. Ariel. $3.25.

He was very lonely; he cared only for dancing. Then he cured the Mayor's daughter. A real child's book, with brilliant, joyful pictures. 6-9.

Bedtime for Frances. By Russell Hoban. Pictures by Garth Williams. Harper. $2.50.

All the usual reasons for not going to sleep. The culprit is a badger whose pictures are most endearing. Ideal bedtime story for small girls.

EASY TO READ

Candy Floss. By Rumer Godden. Ill. by Adrienne Adams. Viking. $2.50.

A little doll, mascot of a vendor at a fair, is stolen by a poor rich girl. A literary masterpiece and an adorable story in text and pictures. Girls 6-10.

Hop-High the Goat. Written and ill. by Laura Bannon. Bobbs. $3.25.

Singing Girl did not want her Navaho parents to get rid of the little goat who caused so much trouble. Well-written, illustrated, with fascinating details on the Navahos. Girls 6-10.

Sailor Tom. By Edna Boutwell. Ill. by Kurt Werth. World. $2.95.

That cat proved he was every inch a sailor. A bouncing tale to be read again and again. A literary accomplishment, with fine drawings. 7-12.

Lester and His Hound Pup. By May Justus. Ill. by Joan Balfour Payne. Hastings House. $2.95.

A simple and moving tale of lasting value with the Great Smoky mountains as background. 8-12.

The Village of Hidden Wishes. By David Fletcher. Ill. By Dorothea Stefula. Pantheon. $3.

The magic tea made the dolls speak and changed the little girls into dolls.

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An enchanting fantasy, written with a fine sense of proportion and a pure understanding of a child's mind. The delicate drawings have a dreamlike quality which fits the text. Girls 6-10.

Topper and the Giants. By Elizabeth Monath. Viking. $2.50.

Little dachshund Topper and his boy master meet, unexpectedly, some friendly giants. Delightfully awkward and mysterious and satisfying both in text and pictures. 6-10.

Parsifal the Poddley. By Nell Chenault. Ill. by Vee Guthrie. Little Brown. $2.75.

The magic little creature took care of lonely Christopher and together they rode a time wave back into 1659. A heartwarming story. 6-10.

Also recommended:
The Lemonade Trick. By Scott Corbett. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Little Brown. $2.75. 8-12.

The World in a City Block. By Natalie Hall. Viking. $2.50. 6-10.

STORIES FOR MIDDLE AGE CHILDREN

Rasmus and the Vagabond. By Astrid Lindgren. Trans. from Swedish by Gerry Bothmer. Ill. by Eric Palmquist. Viking. $2.75.

Nine-year-old Rasmus, who ran away from the orphanage, discovers that friendship of the heart is worth all material comfort and security. Deserves to become a classic. International Hans Christian Andersen Medal. 8-13.

Castaways in Lilliput. By Henry Winterfield. Trans. from the German by Kyrill Schabert. Ill. by William M. Hutchinson. Harcourt. $3.

The children found out that Lilliput was not a fictitious place! A wonderful, exciting story which meets many a child's longing for size and power. 8-12.

Grishka and the Bear. By René Guillot. Trans. from the French by Gwen Marsh. Ill. by Joan Kiddell Monroe. Criterion. $2.75.

Another thrilling and well-written story by a worldwide favorite author. Dramatic friendship between a Siberian boy and a bear. Received the French award, *Le Prix Enfance du Monde.* 10-14.

The Willow in the Attic. By Dana Faralla. Ill. by Rita Fava. Lippincott. $3.50.

The disconsolate children brought the rootless trunk of their beloved willow to the attic where it turned into a Butterfly Tree, a Snow Tree, an Easter Tree. An unusual story with lively characters and a touch of beauty. The Willow Tree is here to stay. 9-13.

Dog on Barkman Street. By M. S. Stolz. Ill. by Leonard Shortall. Harper. $2.50.

Very well written with all the ingredients of a perfect boy's book—a dog, a bully, a shy youngster and a marvelous tramp of an uncle. I predict a well-deserved success. 9-13.

From "Love Is A Special Way of Feeling" (Harcourt)

Lia and the Red Carnations. By Elsa Steinmann. Ill. by Johannes Grüger. Pantheon. $3.

They had to escape a Po River flood, and now another danger threatened them — the frost over Grandmother's carnation field. A realistic story of powerful impact, beautifully written. Girls 12 up.

The Marvelous Inventions of Alvin Fernald. By Clifford B. Hicks. Ill. by Charles Geer. Winston. $2.95.

A twelve-year-old boy drives his family crazy with his inventions, until one of them helps to unravel a mean plot. Action galore, spare writing and plenty of humor. 10-14.

The Ghost of Garina Street. By Lillian S. Freehof. Abelard. $3.

A warm-hearted boy becomes involved in a strange and dangerous deed of charity to a recluse. Unusual plot and well written. 12 on.

The Trouble with Jenny's Ear. By Oliver Butterworth. Ill. by Julian de Miskey. Little Brown. $3.

TV quizzes and phony set-ups are involved in a hilarious tale of a little girl and her two electronically conscious brothers. A good and ethical (!) time for all. 10-14.

The Secret Pencil. By Patricia Ward. Ill. by Nicole Hornby. Random. $2.95.

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Jeptha and the New People. By Marguerite Vance. Ill. by Robert MacLean. Dutton. $2.50.

On the New England coast a fatherless boy finds a father, and a motherless boy a mother, with some Indian servants, a cheetah, and a parrot thrown in. Good characterization, colorful and amusing. 10-14.

Jennie's Mandan Bowl. By Lyla Hoffine. Ill. by Larry Toschik. Longmans. $2.75.

A little girl ashamed of being an Indian discovers the beauty and wisdom of her people and her own place in modern America. Moving and well written. Girls. 9-12.

Also recommended:
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By MARJORIE HOLMES. At the Washington Cherry Blossom Festival, Marty McCarron gets caught up in a whirlwind of fun and romance.

BARBIE
By FRANCES PRIDDY. Barbie enters a supermarket contest and wins a horse – of all things – which soon leads her to new friendships and understanding.

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By NANCY PASCHAL. Dorie wants so much to become a doctor, but family finances make that impossible. Here's how she readjusts her future with amazing success.

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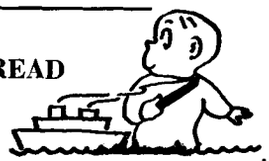

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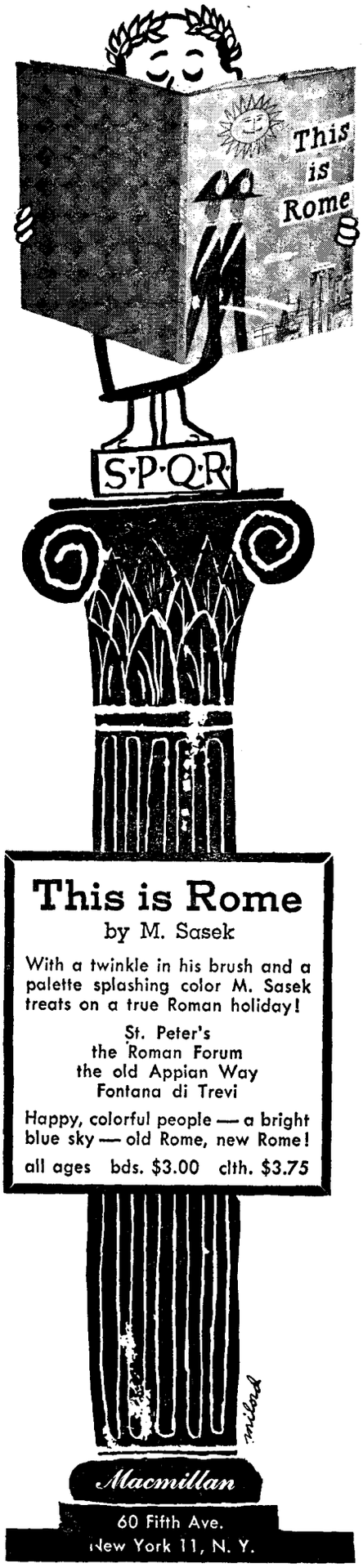
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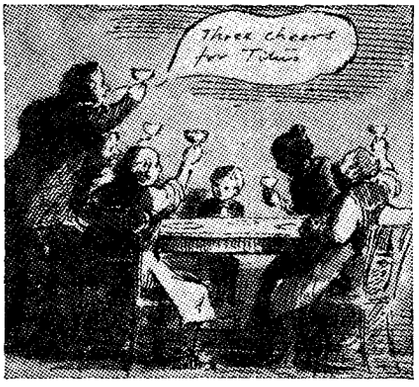

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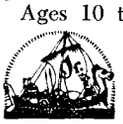

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SERIES

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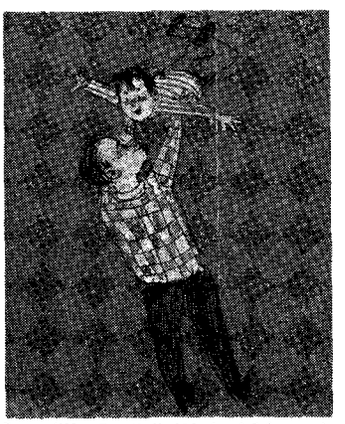

From "My Family" (Abelard-Schuman)

My Village Books. Pantheon. $3.50.
My Village in Greece. By Sonia and Tim Gidal. All ages. Ill. with photos.

Roundabout. Dodd, Mead.
Spanish Roundabout. By Maureen Daly. $3. Older boys and girls. Ill. with photos.
French Roundabout. By Claire Huchet Bishop. See bottom of next page.

Sterling Nature Series. Sterling. $2.50.
A Bird is Born. By E. Bosiger and J. M. Guilcher. Ill. with photos. All ages.

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Lives to Remember. Putnam. $2.50.
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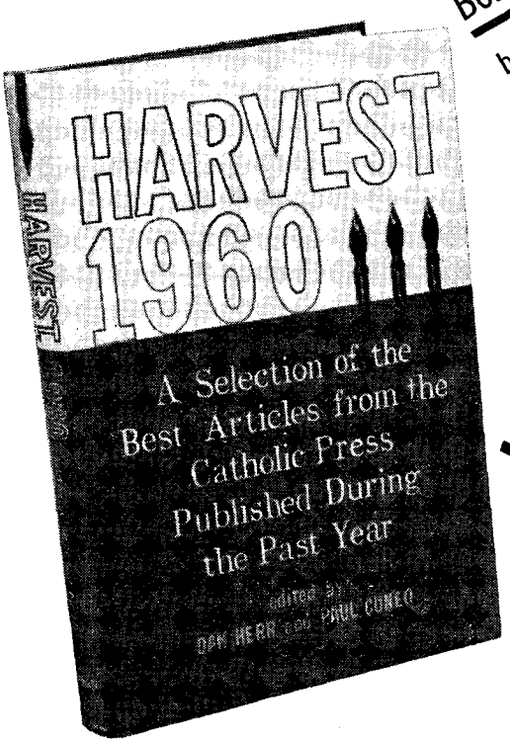

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